HOW THE ASBURY PARK MINISTER ROUTED HIS ACCUSERS.

History of a Remarkable Church Meeting. Which Began Amid Angry Thunder and Ended with a Peaceful Moon Shining, and of the Incidents That Led Up to It. "Well, all I can say as to that is, that if they was re-al Christians they'd a had their heads bowed durin' prayer 'n they wouldn't a seen

zie, if he did it, as they say, which I don't be-

lieve he did." Such was the solemn judgment of Mrs. Petty. the mother of Miss Lizzie Petty, whose service of one month as amanuensis to the Rev. Howard T. Widdemer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Asbury Park, split the congregation and threatened to drive the pastor out, as he put it, "a wanderer." Mr. Widdemer was accused of kissing Lizzle Petty; of being unduly fond of her; of peeking at her through his hands while he prayed, and of doing other undignified things in church to show his regard for her. These were the official accusa-

tions. There were others unofficial that need not be mentioned. THE SUN told yesterday morning of final vindication of the pastor by a vote of the church, which later adopted a resolution of confidence and of sympathy for his family, but the bitter feelings are still there, and all day yesterday the Church Committee went around shaking their heads and dropping thoughts that were so hard that they threatened to break the paving stones when they struck. It was I o'clock in the morning before the business of the very remarkable congregational meeting at which pastor was vindicated was concluded, and only the final verdict could be sent to the papers in time for publication. Mrs. Petty's solemn judgment was expressed to THE SUN reporter before the meeting began and, in the presence of the peachy-cheeked and bright-eyed Miss Lizzie, who spoke up: "The idea of me, a young girl, the idea—the idea of anybody thinking of me running around after an old man like Mr. Widdemer.

I guess I"---L-i-z-z-i-e," said her mother, warningly, "L-i-z-z-i-e!"

Well, I don't care, mamma. I've just kept quiet long enough, now. They've talked and talked and talked and said the meanest things about me and that o-l-d man, and I've just had to keep still and take it and I'm not going to do it any longer. The idea of me"-

'L-i-z-z-i-e," said Mrs. Petty again, and there was just a tremor of the young woman's upper lip and just a suspicion of a pout. You really couldn't blame Miss Lizzie much. She is only 16 years old, and just as pretty as a picture. It was quite provoking and quite shocking to have the things said about her and not to be able to say a word in reply.

'My Lizzie," said Mrs. Petty, deliberately. "is a truthful girl. She never told me a lie in her life, and I know she ain't lied to me this time, and I'm going to stand by her."

'And the pastor?' suggested the reporter.
'Him? No, siree," said Mrs. Petty. "Not that there's any truth in anything that's been said. It's all lies and gossip, but it's through him that all this trouble's come. Maybe 'twas unconscious, but 'twas through him."

The reporter's visit to the house was for the purpose of learning what the trouble was all about, for while Asbury Park was all wrought up about it to the extent that people in the windows in stores called to people in the street to know: "Are you goin' to th' meetin'?" and Are you goin' t' stand by him?" there didn't seem to be anybody who could tell any more than that Pastor Widdemer was accused of "goings on that wa'n't Christianlike, and that wa'n't in keeping with his character as the pastor of a Christian Church," and further, "it wa'n't the first time he was accused, either." As one of the deacons put it to THE SUN reporter, "The Lord must love Pastor Widdemer powerful. He chasteneth him so much."

Pastor Widdemer was an Episcopal clergy man. Then he was a Presbyterian, then a

Petty. "Let others say it." Again the suspi-cion of a pout.
"Edith was in the choir," said Mrs. Petty.
"She was the leading alto and Mrs. Wakeley was next. When Edith left Mrs. Wakeley and Lizzle sat together, and the pastor said that Mrs. Wakeley would sometimes say things

"It's her name you ought to put in the papers," interrupted Miss Lizzle, not mine. I just wish you'd print her name everywhere "L-i-z-z-i-e!" again said Mrs. Petty, and Miss Lizzie stopped with a "Well, I don't care, it's

"As I was saying," resumed Mrs. Petty, "the pastor said Mrs. Wakeley would sometimes say things to Lizzle that would make her laugh during service, and it disturbed the service, so when Edith offered to come back the pastor had her sit between them."
"Her voice is lust" — said Miss Lizzle. for voice is just"— said Miss Lizzie. Lizzie!" said Mrs. Petty, emphasizing the syllable.

last syllable.

"Well, manima, it is. Do you remember that solo she sang? Why, it—it—everybody"—

"Li-t-z-i-e, will you stop talking?" demanded Mrs. Petty severely.

Miss Lizzle bobbed her head and moved her lips completing the sentence inaudibly. Mrs. Petty wanton:

This separating them seemed to make from Wakely angry, and when a little later Mr. Naddemer's eyesight began to fall, and he sked if Lizzic couldn't come to his study two r three days a week and help him by writing, didn't see any harm in it, neither did her

cite don't talk."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Petty, "she didn't go to his study altogether more than twelve or afteen times and these stories began. I've asked Lizzie all about them. Lizzie never told me alte in her life. I know she tells me the rinth now. They are false, but I blame Mr. Widdemer for not knowing it would cause lak "

Widdemer for not knowing it would cause lak."

"And you think they were circulated."

"No. I didn't say that." Interrupted Mrs. Petty. "But Mrs. Wakeley, one Sunday after Edith came back to the choir, said to Lizzie: It's a pretty scheme you worked to get Edith back in the choir, but I will have my revenge. I hat's all there is of the matter."

"And that Maude Broome says I was out bleyele riding with him. It's a "

"L-i-z-j-e." said Mrs. Petty.

"L-i-z-j-e." said Mrs. Petty.

"Well, you know, mamma, it was papa I was put riding with and I pever was out with anybody eise, said Miss Eizzie, as she tapped one to the control of the merciul face and a woman's talking ability.

"Rejearter, huh?" said she. "Well, I don't know whether you are or not. Do you know what they did? They sent Mrs. Petty's brother tere and he toid me he was a reporter for the librid, and then he went right back and toil them everything I said. You look like his brother. Not that I said anything, you understand, that I wouldn't stant by, but—say, are you really a reporter? You look so much like you?"

"It's Wakeley paused and then, half satisfied,

Mrs. Wakeley paused and then, half satisfied, went on: "You know I had a copy of the testimory and I just sent it back to the man who loaned it to me, and o-h; yo-u, y-u-s-t-y-u-g-h-t to re-a-d Mrs. Houghton's testimory!" This was accompanied by the slow

shaking of the head. "I-t was j-u-s-t a-w-f-u-l"
—now with the head bobbing—"mine was nothing, nothing at all. Her own sister, too, Are you re-ally a reporter? You look so much like the Martins. A pause. Well, come in just a minute. I've started to dress three times this afternoon and I've been interrupted every time about this case. I'm going to make Mrs. Widdemer take back wint she said about me, or I'll s-u-e her. Sue her just as s-u-r-e? You know in that copy of the testimony mine comes out me-e-s. You see, I justed so just that the stenographese broke down, and they asked me if I wouldn't leave my notes of my testimony. Of course I did, and they've gone and printed just the notes. Wasn't that mean? My. You really a reporter?"

There was another pause. "Where have you been? Have you been to see the Pettys? O-u-u-you have? What'd they say? You know! I'm swful sorry for Lizzle. She's such a n-i-c-e girl. And in this whole affair, do you know, that's the only thing I feel sorry about—that I broke her confidence. Not that I felt much bound, or that I didn't have the right to do what I did, but I'm s-o s-o-r-r-y that I did, don't cha know? You see. I was before the committee, and I had to rell the truth, but it was too bad, wasn't it? I feel so sorry for her. She used to come around here every day most, but she hasn't been here since Mrs. Houghton went back in the choir. That was Widdemer's doings, though, I know well enough." I a toss of the head.

"What was there about the choir?" ventured the reporter timorously.

"Well, I wasn't so bit jealous, you know," said the pastor a peekin' through his fingers at Liz-

doings, though, I know well enough." A loss of the head.]

"What was there about the choir?" ventured the reporter timorously.

"Well, I wasn't a bit lealous, you know," said Mrs. Wakeley. "Mrs. Houghton—there she goes now in the blue waist, see her?" Mrs. Wakeley pointed out of the window. "Well, she was the first alto. She really had a fine voice. It was uncultivated, though She never paid for any lessons. I paid \$23 for mine, as Mme. Hart will tell you. Well, she left the choir. You know she'd sung the solos, and when she went they wanted me to sing a solo. Well, I told them I didn't know that I had confidence enough to sing alone, and Mr. Widdemer said: "Now, Mrs. Wakeley, you've got a splendid" ooh, there he is coming [pointing out the window] there he is on the bieyele; there he goes—he sees you in here—that's Widdemer. He's been drumming up votes for to-night I suppose. [A long pause as the eyes followed the retreating bieyele.] Well, he said that to me and I consented. You know, I've never told this to a living soul, but I went to Mme. Crane and took some lessons. She selected the solo for me. It was a classic plece. She said I had a good voice. Well, the night I was to sing the solo Mrs. Houghton was there, and she sang. Mr. Widdemer whispered to me that I should sing mine next. I told him the people wouldn't appreciate twe alto solos in succession and I would wait. It was two weeks after that that I sang it."

Mrs. Wakeley arched herneck and picked at a seam, in her dress a moment. The reporter was just formulating a question when she resumed in a more subdued manner:

"You know all persons don't enjoy classic music, and I will admit that this was ve-r-y resumed in a more subdued manner:
"You know all persons don't enjoy classic music, and I will admit that this was veer-y

music, and I will admit that this was veer-y classic."

Mrs. Wakeley paused again. Then she recovered her old vigor.

"You know I didn't want to go to the committee meeting at all. I said I wouldn't go at first. But four of them came to me, and they said. 'Now, Mrs. Wakeley, all you have got to do is to come. We'll believe every word you say, and it's your duty.' So I went, and just to think the stenographer couldn't take down what I said, and took my notes! Why, it looked perfectly awful in the paper."

Mrs. Wakeley was evidently very much put out about it. And why shouldn't she be? Just read the following and you will see:

His whole talk was about the boys. "Lizzie, don't

out about it. And why shouldn't she be? Just read the following and you will see:

His whole talk was about the boys. "Lizzie, don't go with the boys: when you want to go to the beach this summer! will take you." He was fooling with her garters and she made a face at him: then he stopped: "Lizzie, did you ever have anything to do with the boys? You know what I mean." See how jealous I can make him one evening at Smocks. And one time he took her upon his lap and said. "I give you all the kinses and you don't give me any. You don't dare." "Don't I?" she said, and kinsed him. Then he said. "I haven't kinsed any you one since I kinsed you hast. That was two days. Lizzie. I can preach so much better when I look in your face. Then he would give me that dreadful look. Lizzie said her father did not like the way you acted around her. Then you had the couch moved. Lizzie said one time after being to your study from 2 to 5. Mrs. Wakely. don't ask me anything about this afternoon. He is dreadful, she said. He knows how to plan my visits to the study. She used to call him her lover. He would step on her toes. Call at 2 P. M.: I am supposed to be out calling. No one will come to the study. Don't come in the morning, for Margaret is here studying. Come every day if you can. You had better come in on the First avenue side and she fellower the stais in the dark. She said she was a little afraid. I will never have street side. One might you let her in on the First avenue side and she fellower the sais in the dark. She said she was a little afraid. I will never have street side. One might you let her in on the First avenue side and she fellower the wais in the dark. She said she was a little afraid. I will never have faith in a minister again. I said aen't you afraid of him. Sho said, I was at first, but now I like him. What I saw -shovelled show and swept on her. When I ha I a talk with Mr. Widdomer ne said promise me you will not tell. Did you tell Mr. Wekely? You used to make me sick to see you run afred her. You were like a

enough to roast and burn people. Now, what do you suppose he meant by asking me those questions?"

"Give it up," said the reporter.

Well, you'd die to hear it," said Mrs. Wakeley, "He wanted to show that I was an infidel and discredit my testimony. Now, would-you—believe—it? You know I faced him right down; then I roved that he lied first thing. He said I was contemptible once. [Mrs. Wakeley related the incident in detail.] Well, when I said that on the stand he said he'd never said it, and I said? You did, and Mr. Smock heard you; didn't you, Mr. Smock? He was there, you know. That proved that Widdemer lied, didn't it? I made Mrs. Widdemer take back what she said about me, too. Why, I just faced her and said. You prove what you said about me by 4 o'clock this afternoon or I'll begin a suit against you for slander at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, and Lawyer Harvey's my lawyer. Well, she took it back. I guess—she—did—take—it—back, I—guess—she did. You know, I never said a word about them stories about Lizzie until this thing came out, not a word. Too bad about ther, Isn't it? I'm so sorry, so so-r-ry. But she hadn't any business to go to his study, and she went there, and—people—will—talk, won't they? Say, if you want to get ali nbout this, why don't you go to the meeting to-night?"

"Well, the way to do it is to wait till a crowd comes and then I think you can slip in. Oh, you'll get it all there, butfelon't try to go in alone. Just mix in with a crowd."

alone. Just mix in with a crowd."

It was nearly meeting time then, and the reporter started off.

A verbatim report of this meeting would fill THE SUN. Of course it can't be printed, and only enough will be printed now to give to the reader an accurate framework so that he can see the rest. The crowd came at half past 7 o'clock. While it was gathering, a storm, like the one that knecked the smokestack off the Mary Fowell, gathered rapidly in the south and bowled along toward the church. It was commented upon. Some of the older ones of the flock were fearful of the "wrath of God." as they expressed it, and they watched the heavens with anxious eyas. It was just 8 o'clock when Pastor Wildemer rapped with his knuckles for order, and at the same instant there came a crash of thunder that seemed to rock the earth and a flash of lightning that blinded.

"My God!" gasped a woman next the reporter as she seized his sim. "It's the judgment on that wicked committee."

Crash! bang! smash! rolled the thunder again, and again the flashes of lightning. The women snuggled up close to the men. Some of the men looke! startled. Between the thunder class the pastor asked: "Will the Rev. Dr. Ferris lend us in prayer?"

Mr. Ferris, who was a preacher and who now runs a bicycle store, arose with bared head, and while the elements battled he prayed that God would forgive the people their sins and on this momentous occasion would lead them to talk and vote as their conseclence dictated.

Crash! lang! smash! rolled the thunder again, and there were responses: "We will, we will!"

Mr. Ferris sat down, and at that moment the rain came in torrents. It could be heard roar-It was nearly meeting time then, and the re-orter started off.

Crash! lang! smash! rolled the thunder again, and there were responses: "We will, we will."

Mr. Ferris sat down, and at that moment the rain came in torrents. It could be heard roaring on the roof. Hoar as it did, there was something reassuring about it, and the women loosened their grips on the men. George W. Cole was elected Chairman of the meeting. He runs a natent lubricator for bieyeles, sewing machines and typewriters, and a man down in front said he ought to be able to keep things amooth. Paster Wildemer get the floor and asked the circlege of making his statement first. At this moment a young man jumped up and demanded that every person not a member of the church be put out. He decinred that the church had had notorety enough, and that especially the reporters ought to go.

Itang! rattlety bang! Smash! crash! came the thunder again.

"Oh-ch-ch let them stay," murmured two or three of the women.

Bangity-bang-bang-bang, roared the thunder again, like the sound of heavy artillers, Perhaps that settled it. Porhaps it had nothing to do with it; but the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate, the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate, the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate, the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate, the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate, the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate, the fact is that exactly fifteen seconds passed before a resolution was adopted inviting the reporters to stay, and strange to relate the fact of the fact of the fact

Mr. Mecka's wife instead of Mr. Mecks's house.

"Read it." demanded Mr. Mecks. "I demand that that be read."

"The pastor smiled and read a sentence.
"Head it ali!" thundered Mr. Mecks. There were cries of "order!" Mr. Mecks advanced down the siele thundering: "As it has been read and as it appears that statement cast reflections on my wife, I demand that you read it ali!"

Beerbohm Tree Speaks in Favor of the Practice—Ads Behan Believed to Have

flections on my wife, I demand with the state-nil!" I hadn't anything to do with the state-ment," said the pastor pleasantly. "Don't be flerge with me."
"Read it!" demanded Mr. Meeks again, and "I hadn't anything to do with the statement," said the pastor pleasantly. "Don't be fierce with me."

"Read it." demanded Mr. Meeks again, and then the nastor read it.

The other interruptions were not quite so fierce, but they came so frequently that at last the pastor sank down in a chair, and then the same Mr. Meeks came to his rescue and demanded fair play for him, a domand that, out in the form of a motion, was promptly adopted. With shaking voice the pastor began his statement again. He said that when he called the special meeting he had in mind a communication of a very different nature than the one he was about to make. Since the call two things had happened. He and the people of the church had been publicly affronted by the reading of a second call by the Secretary while he, the pastor, was in his sacred pulpit. Next, the testimony against him taken by the committee had been or inted and circulated broadcast, while not one line from him appeared in the report. He told how his festimony refuted or explained everything. Not one solitary accusation was left unanswered. Everywhere in the big audience heads were noddling and the word "shame!" could be heard here and there. Then the bastor sailed into that committee. He fore them fore and aft and up and down and around and around. Now and then there was an angry protest, but, true to his duty, the Chairman would permit no interruption. The pastor took the evidence against himself and tore it to shreds. He described the little girl, who had been in his Sunday school class and whom he had treated like a father. He told how, when he was nearly blind, he got her, with her parent's consent, to nid him in his writing. He described his thoughts of the pastor took the evidence against himself and tore it to shreds. He described himself as the "husband of a perfectly healthy wife," and demanded what truth there could possibly be in stories connecting his name with that of a little child. He painted the blackness of the persons who had told the stories, and he did it

me!"
There was a visible shiver in the audience.
"I wonder if he will dare," gasped a woman two seats in front of the reporter.
"Oh, if I should tell how"
There were gasps here and there and then a tremendous sigh of relief as the paster, after a moment's pause, said:
"But, no, I will not. I will not stoop to reveal them."
That was a fear-five side in the paster of the paster o

tremendous sigh of relief as the paster, after a moment's pause, said:

"But, no, I will not. I will not stoop to reveal them."

That was a ten-strike, to use a bowling phrase. There were some people in that crowd who blessed him. May be they voted against him later, but they blessed him then. He explained how he came to kiss Lizzie Petty on the forehead when she was sick. He explained everything that happened on the occasion of each visit that the girl made to his study, and he finally admitted that he may have been unwise in having her help him at his study, as the committee charged. During his address he pointed out one after another of the committee and related conversations he had had with them, showing their iriendship and wondered how they could go back on him. They attempted to resioned and were promotly sat upon by the Chairman. At last he finished by tendering his resignation and demanding an immediate vote.

Then there was a howl. The other side demanded to be heard. The paster told them to vote first on the resignation, and then present their report and have him dismissed. The Chairman was solid as a rock. He said that Mr. Widdemer had had a fair show, and now the other side must have one, and he won the day. Then one after the other of the committee told with what sorrow they had arrived at the conclusion that the paster had fallen in love with Lizzie Petty, whose testimony, by the way, was from end to end a declaration that the paster had fallen in love with Lizzie Petty, whose testimony by the way, was from end to end a declaration that the paster had fallen in love with Lizzie Petty, whose testimony by the war, was from end to end a declaration that the paster had fallen in love with Lizzie Petty, whose testimony by the war, was from end to end a declaration that the paster had fallen in love with Lizzie Petty. The statements of the members of the committee were received with angry looks by some and approving nods by others. It was midning to wote against me are ashamed of themselves. I am willi

Fastor Widdomer was an Episopai clergy man. Then he was a Presbyterian, then a Congregationalist, then a Presbyterian, and then a Congregationalist again. It need only be said here that whenever he has been "chastened," as the deacon put it, he has been "chistened," as the chistened, as the congregation of the has been "chistened," as the chistened, as the deacon put it is as the put the go, "until the same number was tailed. After the twelve mark had been passed the pastor was never headed and the count went on, while suppressed excitement threatened to kill some of the women with weak hearts. The vote was announced, 60 stay and 52 go, and the crowd jumped up and shouted and cheered. A huge mastiff dog came down the aisle barking and showing every symptom of joy. The pastor's friends crowded around him and hugged him and shook his hands. There were shouts of "We did it!" and "We told you so." Then there was a demand for silence, and the Rev. Mr. Ferris proceeded to rub the victory in by moving the adoption of the single finding of the Investigating Committee that Mr. Widdener had had put in the roport:

"We find Mr. Widdener was not guilty of any immoral conduct."

This was adopted unanimously. Mr. Ferris wasn't satisfied. He demanded a vote of confidence for the minister and a vote of sympathy for his family, and there were only three negative votes.

So ended the tripl of the Rev. Howard T.

for his family, and there were only three negative votes.

So ended the trial of the Rev. Howard T. Widdemer. Whereas it had begun under angry skies, black and threatening, and with rolling thunder and streaked lightning, it ended at I o'clock with a peaceful moon shining down on the people as they danced out, shouting and laughing.

GLOISTEIN A DELINQUENT JUROR. Fancy Picture of the Offence and the Pun-

ishment Due Sends Him Fishing. August J. Gloistein, President of the Gloistein Fishing Club, was reading a German newspaper in his saloon yesterday when a friend handed him a clipping out of an English newspaper which gave a list of delinquent jurors for whom warrants have been issued and are now in the hands of Sheriff Dunn. Gloistein's name was among the number.

Vat! Vat! I to pe arresded! Oh, mine Gott, vat does it mean?" Gloistein shouted when he had read the clipping. He pranced

when he had read the clipping. He branced up and down the floor and then called in his friend, Fred Miller.

"Vat did I do? Vat is a delingwind churor? I never did id. It vas a lie," he said to Miller.

"A delinquent juror." said Miller solemniy, "is a man who steals a pury box." exclaimed Goistein. Vat is a chury box." exclaimed Goistein. Vat is a chury box with a ghoat of a smile, "is where they lock up the secrets of the jury. I think it has something to do with the Molineux case."

"Who said dot I steals a chury box or any odder kind of a box? It vas a pud-up choh yat vould I vant mid it? I had and der boxes I vant, "said Gloistein in despair. "Fred, Fred, vot vill pe done mit me?"

"Well, you may get 500 days in Ludlow Street Jail," said Miller.

Clipistein turned pale. "Mine tiett," he said. I selts der meals by der chall, and I vill had to ent mine own meals by mine own variets. Oh, dis is too pad, too pad. Yat vill I do? Pychiminy, to derember ge selfshing thermorrow. Then an idea struck nim. "Ved, if I had to go ter chall, he said, taking sudden courage, "I vill had you more flahing trip before I am catched. to hastily gathered up his fishing tackle and left the salooh. He was last seen going down Grand street toward the Broadway Ferry.

In Placing Your Advocating For the accept, be erian Till was is on your list. The number of I along solution rules of allocalers who use Till Sus are in themselves an inforement of the value of the paper as a profitable medium.—

Reen a Business Partner of Augustin Daly How about extraneous music in plays for the mere purpose of accompanying dramatic passages and increasing their effect? Is it artistic? And if not, is it nevertheless desirable on any other ground? It is never heard on the stage of the Theatre Français. That would seem to establish a good precedent against it. On the other hand, two illustrious members of that institution, Coquella and Bernhardt, employ it in the'r productions at other theatres. It has been practiced commonly in this country, though with a marked tendency to get along with less and less of it in performances of the first grade, until a start in the other direction was made within a few years at the Empire Theatre. That theatre has an orchestral director who is also a composer. William Furst, and he is especially skilful in providing music for the purpose mentioued. So it came about that the Empire dramas had the voices of musical instruments to back up the voices of its actors in passages of particular stress or potency. It is sure that Charles Frohman approved, because he has had Mr. Furst provide such helps of effect in farces as well as serious pieces. The late Augustin Daly had recourse freely to music as an accompaniment in all sorts of plays, from modern senzational melodramas to Shakespearean comedies. The mortal combut in the ascending balloon in "The Great Ituby" was attended by suitable expressions of horror from the orehestra. At a meeting of the Musical Directors' Association in London last week this subject was spoken on by Beerbohm Tree. He told a story. When Charles Fechter was at the height of his sucess, Macready, accompanied by one of the Royal Academictans, occupied the front seat in a private box at the Adelphi. Macready appeared deeply interested in Fechter's efforts until the orchestra struck up an accompaniment to the great French romantic actor's words. Horrifled at this novelty, Macready sprang to his feet, and, having pronounced the one word, "Music;" in tones of majestic and withering sareasm, left the theatre and could not be persuaded to re-enter it. 'No, sir," said he, "such monkey-on-the-organ bustness is not suited to any person laying claim to the distinction of being an, actor." Mr. Tree's own onlinion was opposite. That which enhances the iliusion of a scene and helps the imagination to a fuller understanding of the play, he contended, is artistically right. That which detructs from the illusion of a scene and distracts the attention of an audience is artistically wrong. This applies to everything that pertains to the theatre, whether it be music, scenery, costumes or any, other accessory. It is a question of taste, as to which every manager must be his own critic. could not be persuaded to re-enter it.

Augustin Daly's will seems to confirm the general impression in theatrical circles that Ada Rehan had been for four years a partner in his enterprises instead of a hired performer. This relation was said to have begun when Miss Rehan, after the last London winter season of the Daly company, was on the point of returning to the United States under other management. This had progressed so far that Olga Nethersole was engaged to take Miss Rehan's place in the Daly forces. At that time she had only the reputation of a promising young leading actress, and to this day that remains her status in London. Only star of magnitude. The engagement of Miss Nethersole, or some other consideration, led Miss Rehan to change her mind and remain at the head of her old manager's company. It was as the outcome of this incident that she became-according to persons familiar with quent undertakings. This arrangement is in a measure continued by the provisions of Mr. Daly's will. It is said that the London thea-tre would have been abandoned even if Mr. Daly had lived. In case his suit with George Daiy had lived. In case in a suit with George Edwardes had resulted in his favor, the house in Leicester Square was to have been disposed of. The cause of contention was the disposal by Mr. Daiy of the refreshment privileges. The Daiy productions of musical farces at the Fifth Avenue will probably be given, although that may depend on the success of "The Greek Slave." Mr. Daiy had accepted a piece by H. B. Smith and Reginald De Koven and another by R. C. Barnett. These musical plays have been produced elsewhere recently by Herbert Greeklam, who has entire charge of them. John Malone came over to superintend "A Runaway Girl" and "A Greek Slave." as well as the new Drury Lane melodrama in which Miss Rehan is to appear. So the continuance of Daiy's Theatre for at least one more season is thoroughly planned, even though the lease and good will should be sold out.

The return of Coquelin to the Théâtre Francais seems to be much less certain than generally supposed. The reason for his anxiety to go back to his old home is said to be the strain of conducting a private theatre which has yielded no reward commensurate with his labors. A large part of the profits of "Cyrano de Berserae" went to the partners who advanced the money for its production and own an interest in Bostand's play. But there is a fine to be pull if the actor goes tack to the house of Molière, and tours in foreign countries would be impossible to him. He has his eve on a tour in this country, in the hope that a piece so well known as "Cyrano" may eventually bring him the success denied to him, on his previous visits. His partners are unwilling to reimoulable their share in this play, which is to be in the regular repertoire of the Français if Coquelin again becomes a member. The theatre wants it as an attraction of the exposition pear, and proposes to make it a feature of that season. But is need of the actor in other plays is not sogreat. His old parts have been distributed with satisfactory results, and none of the actors would surtour in this country, in the hope that a piece so well known as "Cyrano" may eventually bring him the success denied to him on his previous visits. His partners are unwilling to reinmonish their share in this piay, which is to be in the regular repertoire of the Français if Coquelin again becomes a member. The theatre wants it as an attraction of the exposition fear, and proposes to make it a feature of that season. But its need of the actor in other plays is not sogreat. His old pairs have been distributed with satisfactory results, and none of the actors would surrender them to Coquelin. As it is proposed to give "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Coquelin in Paris all through next summer. If he does not resume, his old allegiance to the Français it is thought that he will remain outside its fold during the rest of his life career.

Charles Wyndham has a new theatre in London. The Criterion, long identified with his career as an actor-manager, will hereafter be controlled jointly by him and Charles Froh-The blils for yesterday's farewell performances were "The Case of Rebellious Susan" in the afternoon and "Resemary" in the evening, both with nearly their original easts. The gross receipts were to be given to

In a new London turf me odrama a betting room scene is made realistic by recognizable jockers, touts and trainers among the loungers and by the bulletining of genuine nevs

ers and by the bulletining of penume news from meetracks.

The rule mannet hate on women's heads in the Royal Theatre. Athens, is arbitrary by order of the king of Greece. A woman what refused to obey was sentenced to two weeks in not and it was only through the influence of triends at court that her punishment was changed to a fine.

Arthur Pinero is so exacting as a stage manager that he compels the actresses in his plays to get their gowns from different dressmakers in; order that the toilets may express individuality. He selects personally the gowns in certain scenes. One result of this was the black and gold arrangement worm by Jalia Nellson here in the third act of "The Notorious Mrs. Ethemith." He also insisted on the tour colflure. He is acquainted with the peculiarities of London dressmakers of the first rank, and is said to object emphatically when details of the garments worn by the actresses are not satisfactory.

Appearing in several music halfs in one evening is usual in London. But there is now an actress who thays a leading role in a burley of the stream and sets time to do a

evening is usual in London. But there is now an actress who thay a leading role in a burlesque at one theatre and gets time to do a lifteen-minute turn in a music hall in an entirely different costume.

R. C. Carton's wife plays the leading roles in the London productions of his recent comedies. In "Lord and Lady Algy" and "Wheels Within Wheels" she was the heroine, and that is believed to account for a similarity in the types.

Police sergeant Jacob Welsing of the Tenderloin district called on Ed Bioom, business manager of Koster & Bial's, yesterday to ask whicher any act introducing boxing was being given there. Mr. Bioom answered truthfully that there was, Welsing told him that he mistent it out of the programme, but he refused to do so. The Sergeant threatened to have the performance stopped. He did not however, as the boxing is done by a couple of performing dogs.

mg dogs.
William Norris, who is now playing the sec-William Norris, who is now playing the secretary in this Expediency the Governor at the Equate, has been engaged for next season for the production of "Chadren of the Chetto."

Other Autors who will take part in the performance of that drama are Frank Worthing. Blanche Bates, Wilton Lackay, Chaude Brooke, tius Frank of, Madam Cottrelly, Frank Cornell.

Fred Lotte, Charles Stanley, Louise Muldener,

nine. Ada Curry. Sadie Stringham and Mabel Taliaferro.
St. John Lewis is painting the scenery for the revival of "Way Down East" which is to take place at the Academy of Mūsic next October. He is also doing this work for the out-of-town productions of "Greater New York" and "The Great Metropolis."

The company engaged for Viola Allen's second season as a star includes Robert Drouet for John Storm, and Haroid Russell, Edgar Davenpert, C. Leslie Allen, Charles Rowan, Edgar Norton, R. J. Dillon, Guy Nichols, Oscar Eagle, Helen Loweil, Carrie Merrilees, Mrs. Georgia Dickson, Perdita Hudsneth, Evangeline Irving, Irving and Jessie Bradford.

LIFE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The recent testimony of an English cavalry officer to the eleverness of our postal authorities in delivering insufficiently or incorrectly addressed letters is borne out by most peotile who have suffered from the want of this cieverness abroad. As a whole, the postal service of New York does not come up to the level of London, either in the speed or the frequency of its deliveries. A letter mailed in Kensington up to 1 A. M. is received anywhere in the city by 7:30, whereas, no matter dropped into a New York letter box after 11 dropped into a New York letter box after 11 P. M. is delivered before 10 or 10:30 on the following morning. Both in the business and residential districts London probably averages three or four more deliveries a day than New York. But in the matter of ferreting out the addressee of wrongly directed letters New York shows considerably more intelligence than any Luglish or European city. In England an incorrectly addressed letter might just as well have not been written. The Post Office never bothers itself to overcome the mistake, but hands the letter over to the Dead Letter Office, where it takes two or three weeks of official correspondence to dislodize it. An Englishman now in New York gave a rood instance of this ensual way of shirking difficulties. A letter was addressed to hin at Great Russell street, W. C., about fifteen minutes' walk from the Strand. Unluckly the writer put "Strand" on the envelope, and Great Russell street being in the Bloomsbury and not the Strand district, the letter was sent to the Dead Letter Office and did not reach him for hearly a month. That probably is an extreme examine of English methods, but there is not much room for doubt that the New York system is the better of the two. It was put to a pretty severe test a few years ago, when a wag who was writing to various well-known men contented himself with sketching their faces on the envelope by way of address. All the letters were delivered. It is possible that the preformances of the American city directories, the like of which does not exist on the other side.

It was not a New Yorker who was led to won-M. is delivered before 10 or 10:30 on the It was not a New Yorker who was led to won-

der what the language of Central Park was on a Sunday afternoon, but a foreigner. He went there last Sunday. "I was astonished," he said, "to discover that the people seated on the said, "to discover that the people seated on the benches, promenading on the walks and gathered in groups in the menagerie were most of them speaking a foreign language. Occasionally I heard some English, but it was rare enough to be noticeable, although it helped to dissipate the idea which came to me once or twice that what I was hearing might be the American dialect in its most pronounced form. Then I discovered that people were speaking German, and if I had not been certain that I was in New York, Central Park might have seemed part of some continental city." James J. Corbett, in following the career of

a prosperous saloen 'keeper, is said to pine for one feature of the puglistic champion's life which is denied to him at present. Just after he defeated Sullivan he was taken up by men who are not in the habit of associating with pugilists. Some of these were brokers, one or pugilists. Some of these were brokers, one or two were bankers fairly well known and all of them were of such a standing that their acquaintance rather, lattered the young champion. With the profits of a barroom to console him, he is said to regret more than any other of his former honors the lost companionship of these men. The ex-champion is quite as scrupulous now in the matter of dress as he used to be. When he is seen on upper Broadway in the evenings it is usually in a dinner cost very properly adjusted to the rest of his attire. His day time dress is likely to be the best seen about his bar, and in every outward a comrade as ever, for his former friends. Only he is no longer a champion. One of the actors engaged in advancing the new church and stage movement has appeared before more meetings than audiences dur-ing the past few seasons, and he labors indefatigably in the formation of any society which may be supposed to look to the better-

ment of his profession, even if only a very small number of his colleagues appear to agree with him. Two or three of the actresses mentioned as conspicuous in the new organization have also appeared much more frequently on the platform during recent seasons than on the stages of well-known theatres. It is a coincidence that the more frequently an actor or actress appears on the stage the less likely he or she is to be interested in these various meetings and societies. When they are busy acting they rarely have time to think so earnestly of the needs of their professional associates. The people at the Berkeley Lyceum meeting included fewer actors than one could count on the fingers. It was evidently the Church that

that they were not given more frequently DIVORCE FROM BETTINA GIRARD. She Does Not Defend Harrison Wolfe's Suit

- Known Last as Mrs. Schuyler. Harrison J. Wolfe-Williams, an actor under the name of Harrison J. Wolfe, had an undefended action for absolute divorce against Bettina Girard, on trial before Justice Nash of the Supreme Court vesterday. The defendant's name appeared as Elizabeth Ordway Williams in the suit. She is a daughter of Gen. Albert Ordway, who died about a year ago.
She first married Arthur Padelford, who ob-

tained a divorce from her in Austria about ten years ago. She has by him a daughter 10 years old. Padelford married again, and died in 1806. It was recently determined that his daughter by Bettina Girard should share in his daughter by Bettina Girard should share in his estate, which is put at haif a million dollars, Bettina Girard has had counselemployed looking for dower for her in the estate of Padelford on the ground that his Austrian divorce should not be binding against her. About a year ago she was taken to St. Saylour's Sanitarium at Inwood at the request of her brother, Gotwin Ordway, because of her excessive use of liquor. She was released after extended earet proceedings last November.

Williams tostifled that he married her on Sept. 18, 1863.

Q. How long did you live with her? A.—One Needs. Q.—What was the cause of your leaving he seems: A.—Her preference for another mu other heavy living with another man A -She is.
Williams said that she had sued him for diverce about two years ago, but he believe the action had been drapped.
Ms. Belie Sheehan, who has a boarding house in West Thirty-night street, testified Florence Vadis, who lives at the same house testified that she knew the defendant as Mrs Schuyler, wife of Philip Schuyler. Justic Nash said he would grant a decree.

BUOADNAY REALTY SOLD. The Commercial Building Changes Hands Price About \$550,000.

The Commercial building, a new ten-stor structure on the southeast corner of Broadwa and Walker street, was sold by Birkmire Moxley yesterday for about \$550,000 ens. The building is numbered 300 and 300 Broad way. It from 28 feet on Brondway and I' feet on Walker street, running through

Ada Dwyer, Rosabel Morrison, Laura Almos-nine, Ada Curry, Sadie Stringham and Mabel JOB FOR V. M. COLLINS.

APPOINTED SUPERVISOR OF THE TRU-ANT SCHOOL WITH A RUSH.

Battle in the School Board Over Commissioner O'Brien's Determination to Have the Appointment Made at Once-Gets It Done After Two Hours' Discussion. Some sharp words passed between members of the School Board for Manhattan and the Bronx at the board's meeting vesterday afternoon as a result of a resolution to appoint Valentine M. Collins Supervisor of the Truant School. The office has been vacent for some time. The resolution was introduced by Chairman O'Brien of the Committee on Spe cial Schools, and he asked immediate consideration for it. Mr. O'Brien grew very eathusias.

tic as he spoke. "I want a man," he said, "who is kind and good and who is patient, a man who does not do the work for money alone, but for love of his task, a man who will get down on his knees every night and pray God for better instruction in his work. I am in favor of civil service reform and always was, but not as a fad. I don't want civil service to tell me where to have my shoes mended. Now, in Mr. Collins I am confident we have the right man."

a man before he had a chance to learn something about him, and expressed the hope that thing about him, and expressed the nope that the resolution would be laid over.

"That man ought to be appointed right away," replied Mr. O'Brien. "We need a man who will see to it that in the Italian district there is no truant officer who can't be understood because he has an Irish brogue. We need some common sense right away in this branch."

Mr. Farrell opposed the discussion of the matter a present and Mr. Burlingham said he

stood because he has an Irish broque. We need some common sense right away in this branch."

Mr. Farrell opposed the discussion of the matter at present, and Mr. Burlingham said he had been informed by Secretary Phillips of the Civil Service Commission that there were four men on the civil service examination list who had made a better showing than Collins. Commissioner Burlingham seknowledged that there was no legal civil service list, but said he thought it only fair that the other four men should have some show in the selection.

"You did something I wouldn't do," rejoined Mr. O'Brien. "You signed this resolution as a member of the committee, and then went away and got a list from the civil service beople to find a man that you knew."

Mr. Burlingham denied that he had done anything except what he was bound by his duty to do, and also denied that he had any interest in any other candidate for the position.

Then I may other candidate for the position.

Then thave to ask the Chairman of my committee when I want to do anything, he said. "I resent, sir, your criticism of my behavior."

Commissioner Tait said that President Little ought to declare the resolution laid over because three men had already obseled to discussing it. President Little said there had been no objection made and that the matter had already been discussed. He refused to listen to Mr. Taft and put the question of postpone was lost, and then the resolution was passed with a rush, much to Mr. O'Brien's joy. As the board had then spent more than two hours in talking, it was voted to adjourn until Friday afternoon.

ESTATES DON'T PAY ALIMONY. Mrs. Johns Fails to Collect It from Her

Former Husband's Executors. Supreme Court Justice Smith in Brooklyn yesterday handed down a decision in the suit brought by Annie E. Johns against Henry W. Johns, Jr., Emily L. Johns and Robert H. Martin as executors of Henry W. Johns to recover alimony. The plaintiff obtained a dicover alimony. The plaintiff obtained a divorce from Henry W. Johns in 1882, and to her was allowed \$2,400 a year alimony. Mr. Johns died in 1888. Mrs. Johns contended that the executors should set aside a certain amount to secure the payment of this sum during her lifetime. Justice Smith decided that a wife who had obtained an absolute divorce could not enforce the payment of alimony by the estate after the death of the husband.

BURLESQUE BOXING STOPPED, TOO. Can't Be Given at Theatres Any More Than Genuine Exhibitions Can.

Persons who wish to see burlesques on box ing can't see them at theatres, so the Police Board has decided. One of the team of Glenresterday and asked if the buriesque on a prizefight, which was stopped at the Casino roof garden when the Jeffries-Daiy exhibition was prohibited, could not be presented. President York told him that he and his partner were included in the police edict, and that even tomfoolery boxing would not be allowed in places not regularly licensed under the Horton law.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC-TRIS DAT. unrises.... 4 29 | Sunsets., 7 84 | Moon sets. 8 15 Sandy Hook. 6 02 | Gov. Isl'd. 6 34 | Hell Gate. 8 27

Arrived-WEDNEADAY, June 21. Ss Majest c. Smith, Queenstown June 15. Sa Manest c. Smith, Queenstown June 15.
Sa Mongolian Braes, Glassyw June 11.
Sa Saale, Mirow, Gibraltar June 12.
Sa Basilia, Frohlich, Hamburg,
Sa Dunblane, Farquhar, Algters,
Sa Shilasswig, Aarhuus, Havana,
Sa Holbein, Shurler, Santos,
Sa Uto, Anderson, Havana,
Sa Allianca, Skillings, Colon,
Sa Karthage, Breckwoldt, Havana,
Sa George, Breckwoldt, Havana,
Sa George, W. Clyde, Rodinson, Wilmington, N. C.
Sa Kansas City, Flater, Savannah,
Sa Algondin, Platt Charleston,
Sa Heathdene, Sandal, Philadelphia,
Sa Horatio Hail, Brazz, Portland,
Bark Tillie Baker, Ryer, Trinidad,

[For later arrivals see First Page.] ARRIVED OUT.

Sa Teutonic, from New York, at Queenstown.
Sa Anchoria, from New York, at Glasgow.
Sa Kaiser Wilhelm II., from New York, at Genoa.
Sa St. Louis, from New York, at Southampton.
Sa Lahn, from New York, at Cherbourg. SALLED FROM FORFIGM PORTS

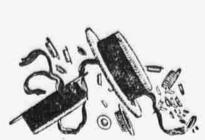
Withelm der Grosse, from Southampton so New York.
Se Aurania, from Queenstown for New York.
Se Britannie, from Liverpool for New York.
Se Bolivia, from Naples for New York.

BAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS. Sa Comanche, from Jacksonville for New York. Sa Tallahasace, from Savannah for New York. OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Lau To-Day 3 00 P M 8 00 P M Saratoga, Nassau New Orleans, New Orleans Sail To Morraw.

Jawon, Jamaira 1 00 P M
Seminole, Galveston
Rio Grande, Brunswick 8 00 P M 8 00 P M 8 00 P M Rio Grande, Brunswick.
Umbris, Liverpool 5 00 A M
La Bretagne, Havre 7 (40 A M
Statendam, Rotterdam 8 00 A M
Saale, Naples 9 00 A M
Frhiepia, Glasgow 10 00 A M
Hekla, Christiansand 11 00 A M
Spartan Frince Azores 7 00 A M
Barbarossa, Bremen
Pretoria, Hamburg
Messibs, London
Obio, Hull
British Empire, Antwerp
Orinoco, Bermuda 10 00 A M
Havana Havana 11 00 A M 8 00 A M 10 00 A M 10 00 A M 11 00 A M 12 00 M 1 00 P M 9 00 A M 4 00 P M 6 00 A M 9 00 A M Orinoco, Bermuda Havana, Havana Alene, Kingston Willowdene, St. Kitts

lvedene La Plata Enickerbocker, N. Alamo, Galveston. El Dorado, New Or	Commence of the Commence of th	1 0 1 P M 2 00 P M 3 00 P M 3 00 P M
1809	MING STRAMSHIPS.	
	Due To-Dau.	wonton er
Life	Gibraltar	June S
Sabine	St. Lucia	June 12
Alamo	Galveston	June 14
Jersey City	Swanson	the season that the
Fraye	Ramburg	June 11
	Glasgow	
Alatiania	Shielde	Inna 9
Ollows	Stields St. Lucia	June 15
Kniebermaker	New Orleans	June 16
But at a constant and	e Friday, June 18.	
174	Liverpool	7000000
Lu-Anix	Southampton	June 17
DI PAUL		June 10
Donah stifus	Gilbraitar	June 9
Ideko	Gibraitar Huli	June 11
Acare	Obratiar	June 9
Excelsion	New Orleans	June 17
San Marcos	San Juan	June 17
Orizala	Havana	June 19
Line	Saturday, June 24.	
Henneria	Gibraltar	June 10
Derffor	St. Lucia	June 16
M. I. Villaverde		June 20
Commanche	lacksonville	June 21
Tallelensage	Savannah.	June 21
Hiblebrand	Barbados	June 19
In the	e Sunday, June 28.	
LaGascozne	Havre	June 17
Char of Barne	Glasgow	Jane 1d
Maniton	Loudon	June 15
Panama.	Bordeaux	June 14
Critic	Dundee	June 11
Du	e Monday, June 26.	
Frierst Bismarck	Hamburg	June 18
American	London	June 14
Parisones	Para	June 14
Afgiers .	Para New Orleans	June 20
1) w	Tuesday, June 17.	
Kaiser Wm. der Gr	ess Bremen	June 20
Kensturton	Antwerp	June 17
Mind days	Ketterdam	June 15
SEC and a said were	Amsterdam	June 15
	La Guayra	



The height of crown-width of brim-color and width of band - all that fashion prescribes is in our

STRAW HATS,

\$1.50 & \$2.50, These are \$2.00 & \$3.00 qualities.

Mr. Harrison said he didn't want to vote for Hackett, Carhart & Co.,

Broadway, Cor. 13th St., Cor. Canal St., Near Chambers.

LOTTA SUED BY A MANAGED

Testifies That She Has Paid in Full Boute,

Lotta Crabtree, the actress, was defendant before Justice Fursman of the Supreme Court yesterday, in an action brought by David A. Bouté to recover \$2,000 for alleged breach of contract. Bouté testified that Lotta decided in 1802 to return to the stage, and engaged him as her manager for forty weeks. He worked through the summer booking her route and was then notified that she had abandoned her tour. When asked if he couldn't have booked so prominent an actress in twenty minutes instead of in a summer, he said:

"The theatres are now practically controlled by one firm, so that a route can be booked now in a short time, but it was not so in 18812.

Lotta testified that she became ill and had to abandon the tour. She had undergone an operation that year and had been told by her physician that she might not recover if she persisted in going on the tour. She paid Boute \$300 in full settlement of his claim.

Abraham Erlanger, theatrical manager, testified that Lotta was known in 1842 as one of the most prominent actresses on the stage: that any theatre would be glad to get her, and it would be easy to book her.

The Court ordered a sealed verdict for this morning. him as her manager for forty weeks. He

FISHKILL, May 21.—Col. II. Dubois Van Wyck, cousin of Mayor Van Wyck, has been chosen unanimously as first President of the newly incorporated Fishkill village.

Business Notices.

Connoisseurs of Good Liquors Always In-sist on having CARL H. SCHULTZ'S mineral waters, because they are prepared from Pure Distilled Water and agree with the analysis on the label.

MARRIED.

COCHRAN-JENKINS.-On Wednesday, June 21, at the Presbyterian Church, Boonton, N. J., by the Rev. William H. Woolverton and the Rev. Samuel T. Carter, Margaret Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jenkins, to the Rev. James Biair Cochran of New York.

GRIFFITH-BELLONI,-On Wednesday, June 21, at the residence of the bride's mether, Mrs. Louis J. Belloni, 14 East 66th st., by the Rev. Kirkiand Huske, Kate Havemerer to Lawrence Griffith of Baltimore, Md. Baltimore and Washington papers please copy.

ARKER-WILLIAMS .- On Wednesday, June 21, 1880, at Salom, N.Y., by the Rev. Edward Dudley Tibbits, Marion, daughter of John Martin Williams, to James Southworth Parger of Great Barrington, Mass.

DIED.

RANDOLPH. On June 20, at Yonkers, Imogens Mercein, eldest daughter of Emily and the late Carman F. Randolph. Funeral private on account of frail health of her

STEELE .- On Tuesday, June 20, at 11 P. M., at his residence, 405 Halsey st. Brooklyn, Frank Elmer Steele, aged 38. Funeral services will be held at the above resi-

dence to-night (Thursday) at 8 o'clock. WALCOTT,-In Yokohama, Japan, June 19, Mrs. F. C. Walcott, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs., John D. Archbold. A DESIRABLE PLOT in Woodlawn Cemetery, near Observatory av., fronting on Woodlawn Lake,

for sale to close partnership account. Price \$414. E. A. CRUIKSHANK & CO., 141 Broadway.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-lem Bailroad; 43 minutes ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 18 East 42d st.

Special Motices.

A.-DISEASES OF WOMEN-Dr. BLINN, 177 West 47th at, (near Broadway), Est'b'd 1885, Hours, 10-3, Hem Publications.

自文化在文章·文化中国主义之文化工艺文化工艺》

PALL-MALL MAGAZINE

JULY NUMBER.

THE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS.

UNE AT FIRSTISIGHT.

Full-page illustration by Herbert Colo

THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE.

VIII. A Return to Nature

H. R. Marriott Watson

H. R. Marriott Watson

FOLO.

With Full-page illustration by Gerrie Roshir

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN E.

TENTE. Lord Charles Berosford

MORAY THE THAILOR. Fred M. Wutse

SILHOFFITES IN FABLIAMENT. III.

The Irish Nationalist Leaders

A STARLIGHT NIGHT.

A MODERN ANALIS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SELLER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SELLER.

THEIR DESTINES Herbert Cox Acheron
MADONNA AND INFANT CHILD.
CARPACCIO. Fall-page Illustration.
FROM A LONDON ATTIC. G. S. Street

PALL-MALL MAGAZINE,

Astor Court Building. New York. 25 cents a copy, \$3.00 a year.

WEDLIGT CRESCUL BURETIST

******** THE FOX-WOMAN BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

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